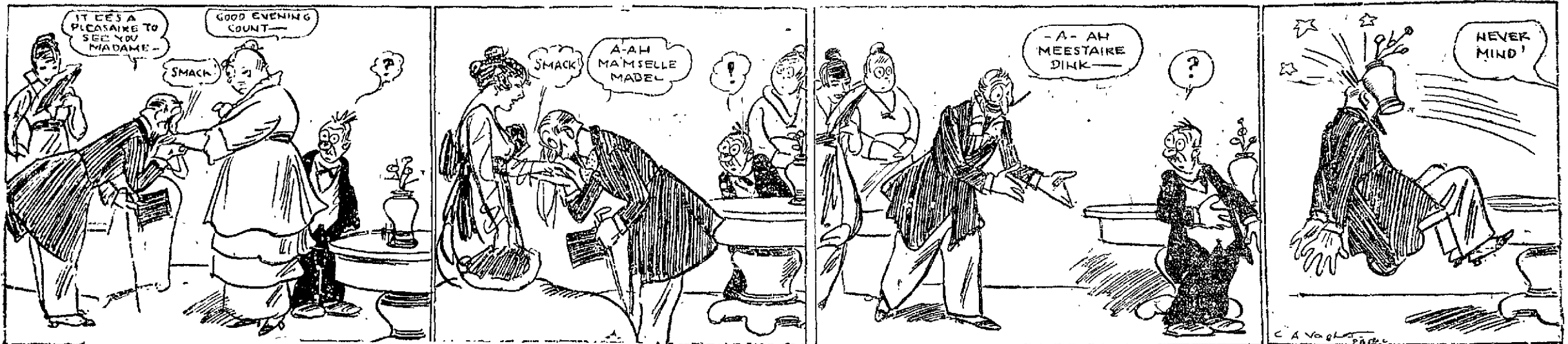


PETEY ABROAD—No Frenchman Is Going to Kiss Pete's Hand.

By C. A. Voight.



MOUNT PLEASANT

Special to The Courier.
MT. PLEASANT, July 30.—Hugh Russell, Boy Scout leader, defeated the Scottish Young Men's Christian association team by a score of 6 to 1 at Erick Park yesterday. There was a good crowd present to see the game. Those boys who are on the Boy Scout team are Doney, Foster, Wayne Harbo, Vincent Keller, Harry Jacquette, Tom Keller, George, William Foster, A. Simpson and Eugene Goldsmith. The local boys will play at Scotland tomorrow afternoon.

The body of Eleanor, the 12-year-old daughter who was shipped from the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Butler at Carnegie, to this place yesterday. It was taken to the Washington street home of her grandmother, Mrs. Butler. Interment will be made in the local cemetery on Friday.

Mrs. William Shipe entertained the Ladies' Bible Class of the Church of God with a sewing party at her Main street home yesterday afternoon.

Miss Ruth Walker, who has been ill at her Main street home of several days, is getting better.

Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Shaw and son, Ralph, returned home yesterday from a ten-day visit paid friends at Indiana.

Miss Ella Hower, of Greensburg, was the guest of friends here yesterday.

William Hower, of Scotland, was a caller here yesterday.

Mrs. Howard Hower, of Scotland, was a caller here yesterday.

Mrs. Mary Hower, of Scotland, was a caller here yesterday.

Mrs. Howard Hower, of Scotland, was a caller here yesterday.

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but have a good, clean show and draw a large crowd of people.

Charles Pross, of this place, who some time ago sold his goods furniture store to T. J. Tolman and Company, has purchased a building store in Greensburg. The family will not move there until some time in the fall.

The J. O. C. class of the Methodist Episcopal church held their regular monthly meeting last evening. Following the business session very new refreshments were served.

Misses Elsie Zundell left yesterday to visit Mr. and Mrs. William Zundell at Greensburg.

William Smith has purchased a new White Steamer automobile.

Mrs. Herbert Ruff returned home on Monday from a five day visit paid friends at Tere and relatives and friends of Scotland.

Mrs. J. L. Updegraff will represent Westmoreland county at the County Convention to be held at Greensburg on August 4 and 5. Mrs. Updegraff will read a very interesting paper at this meeting. Mrs. H. H. Steiner from this place will also attend.

Mrs. James Zundell left this morning for her father's home, to visit.

VANDERBILT, July 29.—Among the Conneltsville shoppers yesterday were Mrs. David Herwick and son, Ralph, Miss Anna Lewis, Mrs. G. M. Strickler, Miss Lucy Cochran, Mrs. C. H. Roberts, Miss Martha Brown, Mrs. L. L. Peyton, Mrs. McCall, Miss Mary Nevada, McLaughlin, Mrs. Gayley, Mrs. W. A. Casgrove, Messrs. Arms and Esbie Edwards, and Mrs. J. B. Henderson.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Green of Ohio, are visiting the latter's brother, Orla Gray.

Mrs. Isaac Blair has returned home from the West Penn Hospital in Pittsburgh, where she underwent an operation.

J. J. McFarland of West Side, Conneltsville, was a business caller in town today.

Frank B. Galley and C. B. Arison were callers in Uniontown today.

Mrs. Bess Harrickson was calling on Dawson friends today.

Mrs. Corral Morrow has returned home, after visiting relatives in Star Junction.

Baseball game between Vanderbilt and Dawson Thursday evening was won by Vanderbilt by the score of 8 to 1.

Miss Ida Thorpe of Indiana, arrived here this morning and will spend a few days among friends.

Mrs. L. Shearer of Mt. Run, is calling on Conneltsville friends today.

The remainder of the Y. M. C. A. camp boys at Rogers Mill broke camp today, shipping all their equipment to Pittsburgh, where it will be stored until next season.

Ruby Jennings of Conneltsville, is spending a few days among Mt. Run friends.

Constable Lloyd Miller of Norristown, is a business caller at Uniontown today.

The Y. M. C. A. camp boys from Conneltsville left for Rogers Mill this morning and will pitch their tents there for several weeks.

J. M. Stewart of Tule was a business caller here today.

W. K. Sparks of Indian Head, was a business caller here yesterday.

J. W. Hartmore has started his mill and will be ready in a few days to ship lumber.

PAWSON, July 30.—Mrs. James Langhrey was a Conneltsville caller Wednesday.

Mrs. A. J. Manning was a Pittsburgh caller Wednesday.

Edith McGowan was calling on friends in Star Junction Wednesday.

Mrs. A. J. Cochran and Mrs. Cochran returned to Greensburg Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hocking and Mrs. Hower were Conneltsville callers Wednesday.

Mrs. H. J. Bell was a Conneltsville caller Wednesday.

These Bowden and Mrs. Dunham of Star Junction were Dawson callers Wednesday.

JACOBS CREEK, July 29.—Mrs. L. S. Alden and Mrs. Peter Butler were out of town a day Wednesday.

Charles Speck has moved to his home he purchased lately on River street.

Mr. George Langhrey and children left Wednesday to visit friends in Greensburg, W. Va.

Mrs. Maggie Morrow has returned to her home in Conneltsville after visiting two weeks with her grandmother Mrs. Samuel Lancaster.

Mrs. L. Kimes has returned from a trip to Niagara Falls.

CHARLES MILLER, July 30.—Mrs. Nellie Watson of Fayette City is spending a few weeks at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. James Hawker at Fayette.

Mr. Haddock of Morrell fell out of an apple tree Saturday morning fracturing his shoulder.

J. W. Hower and family motored to Greensburg, W. Va., on Sunday and returned home Monday.

Mrs. R. S. Cooper, Mrs. Anthony Gilmore and Mrs. Edward Hay were shopping yesterday in Conneltsville.

Miss Grace Jones of the South Side Hospital, Pittsburgh, is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Louis Allen.

Mrs. James Kelly and daughter Irene are spending a few days renewing old acquaintances here.

The Baptist Sunday school held its annual picnic yesterday at Beeson Mills.

The Elks Club held a moonlight picnic at Shady Grove Sunday evening.

For The Boys Who Fight Fires

The Harry C. Hunter Greater Shows

Now Playing at Mt. Pleasant Under Auspices of HOOK AND LADDER CO. NO. 1, to an overflowing midway

LARGEST MOTORDROME ON THE ROAD.

Biggest Ferris Wheel and Carry-I's-All.

Most Thrilling Free Acts in Shivery Motion.

Everybody should turn out to help the brave firemen.

Week of August 3 to 8 the Hunter Shows play for Hose Co. No. 4 in South Greensburg.

ELLIOTT MARSHALL, NEW YORK LAWYER, ODDLY DISAPPEARS.

ELLIOTT MARSHALL, NEW YORK LAWYER, ODDLY DISAPPEARS.

EMBROIDERED TULLE

The drawing shows a very elaborate gown of embroidered tulle in ivory white. The square neck is outlined by a band of Venice lace from which depends a square border of the embroidered tulle. The bodice is bloused above a very wide girle of ivory white satin. The sleeves are of the tulle laid in broad tucks. The skirt of this dress has a double tulle, the upper and shorter one of the embroidered tulle flouncing, the lower of the plain tulle laid in pleats and finished on the bottom with a narrow pleating of ivory satin. The underskirt is of the tulle, having four wide tucks at the bottom.

STAR JUNCTION.

STAR JUNCTION, July 30.—Mr. Wilbur Mills of Sand Rock, was a caller in town last night.

Miss Jennette Short was visiting relatives at Dickerson Run yesterday.

Star Junction second nine crossed bats with the Gillespie second nine at Chippewa yesterday and defeated them by a score of 9-7.

A. C. and W. J. Sheppard, of Vanderbilt, were callers in town yesterday.

Miss Mary Della Richard is visiting relatives at Dawson.

Misses Mary Ann and Sarah Howard, of Greensburg, are visiting relatives in town.

J. D. Linnell, of Conneltsville, was a business caller in town yesterday.

Classified Advertisements Cost but one cent a word, and bring results. Try them.

It Will Pay You to read our advertising columns.

Efficient Service and Courteous Treatment

Has enabled us, within the past year, to double the number of our customers. Quite a number of persons and societies with surplus funds, who do not want to tie up their money subject to the rules of a regular 4% account, are taking advantage of our special 3% accounts. If you are a customer at this bank you will always find us willing to extend any reasonable accommodation on satisfactory security.

Our Customers Always Receive the Preference.

If you have a little ready money it will pay you to open an account with us, become acquainted, and take advantage of our service.

The Colonial National Bank

of Conneltsville, Pa. Main and Pittsburg Sts.

4% interest paid on Certificates and Time Deposits. Foreign Department equipped to give the best of service.

YOUTH TRUST COMPANY, CONNELLSVILLE, PA.

Capital.....\$ 200,000.00
Surplus and Profits.....16,000.00
Resources.....1,100,000.00

FOUR PER CENT. PAID ON SAVINGS ACCOUNTS.

CONFIDENCE AND COURAGE.

An account with the Union National Bank gives you confidence in your ability to save, and courage in your efforts to economize. Every day it helps you grow richer. New accounts are cordially invited.

4% Interest Paid on Savings Accounts.

UNION NATIONAL BANK, CONNELLSVILLE, PA.

WE LOAN MONEY

To Railroad Men, Coal and Coke Workers and Mechanics, in sums from \$10 to \$50, on Furniture, Pianos, etc. We also make salary loans. Apply to

FAYETTE BROKERAGE COMPANY, Room 207, Title & Trust Building, Conneltsville, Pa.

Stop In Today

And have your Glasses tightened and adjusted to proper position—a call of this kind often saves your glasses from being broken—besides improving the usefulness of the glasses.

Make use of our Repair Department whenever anything is broken.

A. B. KURTZ, JEWELER, West Main Street.

MOVING AND GENERAL HAULING

Special attention to moving pianos. See

J. N. TRUMP, Office 103 E. Grape Alley, Opposite P. R. R. depot. Both Phones

Do You Want Help? Try our classified ads. One cent a word. Results follow.

Patronize those who advertise.

SCOTSDALE

Special The Courier

SCOTSDALE, Pa., July 29.—The wedding of Miss Mary Ann Scott and Mr. John H. Scott, both of this city, was celebrated at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. J. H. Scott, on Wednesday evening, July 29. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. J. H. Scott, and was attended by a large number of guests. The bride was given away by her father, and the couple were married in the presence of many friends. The reception was held at the residence of the bride's father, and was a most enjoyable affair. The wedding was a most successful one, and the couple were united in the bonds of matrimony.

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BUYS WASHINGTON COAL

Cleveland Man Chooses Deal For 202 Acres Near Connelville
W. H. Warner, president of the W. H. Warner Coal Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, has purchased 202 acres of coal land near Connelville, Pa. The land is situated in the townships of Connelville and Washington, and is owned by the Connelville Coal Company. The purchase was made for \$100,000, and the land will be used for coal mining. The purchase was announced by Warner, who said that the land was of great value to the company.

TO FILE SLAG TARIFFS

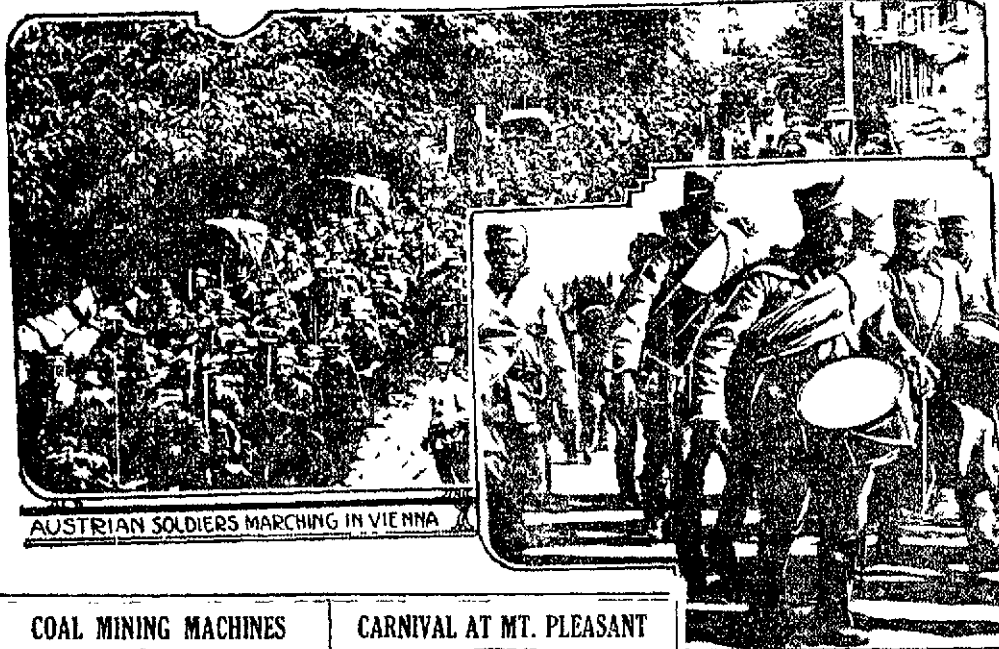
Industries Want Investigation of Proposed New Railroad Rates
The industries of this district are protesting against the proposed new railroad rates. They claim that the rates are too high, and that they will be a burden on the industries. They want an investigation of the rates, and they want the railroad companies to be forced to lower them. The industries are represented by the Chamber of Commerce, and they are all united in their protest.

GAS COMPANY LOSER

Appeal from Reduction of Gas Rates in West Virginia
The gas companies of West Virginia have appealed from a decision of the public service commission which reduced their rates. The companies claim that the rates are too low, and that they will be a burden on the companies. They want the rates to be increased, and they want the public service commission to be forced to do so. The appeal was filed with the state court, and the companies are all united in their appeal.

Card of Thanks
The family of the late Mr. J. H. Scott, who died on July 29, 1914, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. J. H. Scott, in Connelville, Pa., wishes to express their appreciation to the many friends and neighbors who attended the funeral and to the Rev. Mr. J. H. Scott, who performed the funeral services. The funeral was held on Wednesday, July 29, at 2 o'clock, and was a most successful one.

Austrian and Servian Troops Marching to the Front; This Is Happening Now.



AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS MARCHING IN VIENNA

COAL MINING MACHINES

Many New Types of Apparatus Have Been Devised in Recent Years
Within the last few years many new types of coal mining machines have been devised. These machines are designed to make the work of the coal miner easier and more efficient. They are used in the coal mines, and they are of great value to the coal industry. The new machines are of many different types, and they are all designed to do the same work. They are used to cut the coal, and they are used to transport it. The new machines are of great value to the coal industry, and they are all designed to make the work of the coal miner easier and more efficient.

CARNIVAL AT MT. PLEASANT

Freeman Raising Money Through Harry C. Hunter Shows
A carnival is being held at Mt. Pleasant, Pa., for the purpose of raising money for the Freeman. The carnival is being held by Harry C. Hunter, and it is a most successful one. The carnival is of great value to the Freeman, and it is all designed to make the work of the Freeman easier and more efficient. The carnival is of great value to the Freeman, and it is all designed to make the work of the Freeman easier and more efficient.

SERVIANS OFF TO WAR

DAWSON RACING PROGRAM

Events to Be Held on September 17 to 18
The following is the program of events to be held at the Dawson Race Track on September 17 and 18. The events are of great value to the Dawson Race Track, and they are all designed to make the work of the Dawson Race Track easier and more efficient. The events are of great value to the Dawson Race Track, and they are all designed to make the work of the Dawson Race Track easier and more efficient.

BEST VALUES OF THE SEASON IN WOMEN'S APPAREL.

A LOW PRICE in itself amounts to nothing—ONLY when it is tied in with BIG VALUES does it become a BARGAIN, and that is the reason that women crowd in here by the hundreds every day. We have given some excellent values in the past, but hardly ever have we been able to offer such remarkable values.



WOMEN'S WASH TROCKS from \$7.50 to \$12.50, only \$2.95

WOMEN'S WOOL TROCKS valued up to \$5.00, now only \$1.95

WOMEN'S HOUSE and SIMPLICITY DRESSES now only .69c

WOMEN'S CLOTH SUITS valued up to \$17.50, now only \$7.50

WOMEN'S COATS valued up to \$22.50, now only \$5.00

WOMEN'S COATS valued up to \$18.75, now only \$2.95

DRESSES FOR STOUT WOMEN sizes up to 57, at 1/3 OFF

The Clever Between-Season Hats Trimmed or Untrimmed, All at Startling Reductions.

Every Trimmed Hat in the stock, with the exception of some advance Autumn models, are included in this extraordinary sale.

HATS to \$7.50 at \$5.00
HATS to \$10.00 at \$7.50
HATS to \$12.00 at \$9.00

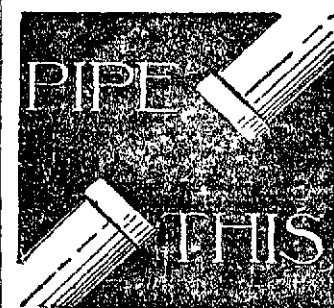


The assortments include light and dark Hats of the prevailing modes trimmed up smartly with ribbons, flowers and whigs—just the Hats for women to finish the Summer with in town and splendid investments for women going away who must watch their expense accounts.

The prices are so little that a great number of women will not doubt be drawn to the Millinery Section early tomorrow—BE EARLY WITH THEM.

KOBACKER'S THE BIG STORE

ON PITTSBURG STREET.



We Make a Specialty of Jobbing and Repair Work

Not to say, you money the next important point about your PLUMBING, HEATING AND DRAINING.

The plumbing.

We answer all calls promptly. We do not waste time—faster which some plumbers make you pay—and we can easily show you the business in its most to finish.

We have a complete line of Gas, Oil, Stoves and Ranges. Call

F. T. Evans

136 South Pittsburg St. Connelville, Pa.

ON FILLER PHOT.

Out of Coke

The United Gas Improvement Company of Philadelphia is in the market for its annual consumption of 18,000 tons of coke. The quantity of its needs is about 50,000 tons.

By-Product Plant Completed

The new By-Product Plant, which is a part of the Connelville Gas Works, has been completed. The plant is of great value to the Connelville Gas Works, and it is all designed to make the work of the Connelville Gas Works easier and more efficient.

Mr. J. H. Scott, who died on July 29, 1914, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. J. H. Scott, in Connelville, Pa., wishes to express their appreciation to the many friends and neighbors who attended the funeral and to the Rev. Mr. J. H. Scott, who performed the funeral services.

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BRILLIANT ORATOR

Keen Logician
Genial Humorist

AARON S. WATKINS, LL. D.

Lawyer, Minister, Educator Vice President Candidate 1908 and 1912 on Prohibition Ticket A speaker of national reputation. He has delighted audiences in nearly all the states. None disappointed.

WHEN AND WHERE HE WILL SPEAK

Thursday, July 30

6:30 P. M., Owensdale, near Post Office.

8:00 P. M., Broad Ford in M. P. Church

Friday, July 31.

6:30 P. M., Star Junction

7:30 P. M., Perryopolis, at the Diamond

8:00 P. M., High School Auditorium, Perryopolis

Sunday, August 2

9:30 A. M., Paradise S. S., Bullskin Township

10:30 A. M., Paradise Church, near Mud School.

Monday, August 3.

7:00 P. M., Connelville, Col. Mam and Pittsburg Streets.

8:00 P. M., Railroad Y. M. C. A., Dickerson Run

FOR THE WORKINGMAN

SOUTH CONNELLSVILLE

LOTS ARE BARGAINS.

DOWN ON LAWYERS

I have here a book on how to be your own lawyer. Don't wait. What's the use in a man learning how to do himself.

FOR THE WORKINGMAN

SOUTH CONNELLSVILLE

LOTS ARE BARGAINS.

DOWN ON LAWYERS

I have here a book on how to be your own lawyer. Don't wait. What's the use in a man learning how to do himself.



You will be surprised how comfortable and at the same time how "safe" you will feel in your new cell if you follow instructions.

FINE FEATHERS

Novelized from Eugene Walter's Drama by the same name

By WEBSTER DENISON

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES

FROM THE PLAY
Copyright A.C. McClung & Co., 1914

CHAPTER XX.

Light in Darkness.

After several inquiries Dick found his friends home and rang the bell. Frieda answered it, but in the dim light on the veranda and because of her wondrous change from a slatternly domestic to a smart maid, he did not recognize her.

"Is Mr. Reynolds in?"
"No, sir," Frieda informed him, "but he may come any minute."

"Is his wife home?"
"No, sir, she's gone out to dinner and I think she's going over to New York. But Mr. Reynolds didn't expect to go."

"If you don't mind, I'll wait," said Dick. He went in. "My name is Meade—Richard Meade," he added without looking at the girl. "You may have heard Mr. Reynolds speak of me."

He took off his coat and as he handed it to her, stared in a quizzical way. At least the truth dawned on him. "Why, it's Frieda," he exclaimed. "Bless me, what a change."

The girl, not oblivious or averse to the infection in his surprised greeting, courted an acknowledgment.

"Change is right, Mr. Dick. You didn't know me, did you?"

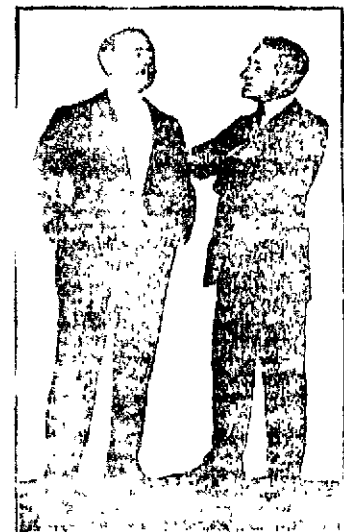
"I should say I didn't," he concurred, with a smile. "Why, you're all dressed up like one of those talking dolls."

She laughed and turned around for full inspection.

"The very latest model," she informed him. "Do you like it?"

"It's a dream," the young writer acknowledged. "But never go back to Staten Island with that rik on. There are 1,200 soldiers at the fort over there and the government doesn't want them all to desert at once."

"Don't worry, Mr. Dick. I'm not going back to Staten Island. Mrs. Reynolds gave me a chance when she came over here and you bet I took it. It took me some time to get on to my-



"Help! Mr. Dick, he needs help!"

But I did at last and now I'm a with that sort of thing, believe me."

Frieda's appearance confirmed her boast.

Nearly an hour passed. He read an article or two in magazines that were littered about the table. There were books too, all of the lighter sort—recent fiction, and some of the higher class humorous papers.

Everything in the Reynolds home, so much as Dick had seen of it, bespoke the idler. Everything bespoke ease of body and unwillingness to tax the mind.

A quick step on the veranda cut short his musings. Bob threw open the door. At the sight of his visitor he rushed forward with outstretched hands.

"Why, Dick," he shouted, and then he fairly hugged him.

"You're the last man I expected to see here and the one I'd rather see here. You've kept away pretty long, but it's better late than never."

"Well, you sort of got out of my class, Bob," replied his friend, responding to the handshakes with a grip as firm as iron. "And I've been away a good deal, too. Europe and all around."

Reynolds threw off his coat and carried it to the rack.

"Ernest," he said as he turned. "What for the paper?"

"No, I haven't been with the paper for some time, Bob. Left it shortly—well, shortly after I saw you last. I'm with the World Awake now. Quite a job. Things have been looking up a bit."

Reynolds looked him over carefully and kindly.

"You would judge," he acquiesced. "You look it. Prosperous, eh?"

"From my point of view, yes," said Dick. "Maybe not from yours and Brand's."

Reynolds frowned. Mention of the name irritated him.

"Don't rub it in, old man," he begged. "Don't bring him in the first thing. Let's have a little talk just about ourselves. Wait, I haven't asked you what you'd have."

"Water for mine, Bob. That's been my program for a year. Nothing like, it."

Reynolds pushed a button.

"The devil you say," he answered as he turned to his friend. "I can't say the same for myself. I like a little bit now and then, and it's cold out tonight. I feel chilled."

"Bring some brandy and ice water," he ordered, as the maid entered. "And, Frieda, bring a large glass for Mr. Meade."

Bob took out his cigarette case.

"Sit down, Dick," he urged as he tendered the case. "You haven't cut these out, too, have you?"

"No, not yet. I've tried cigars, but it's no go. The little pills have their charm, Bob, and they're one thing I place before dignity."

They lighted their cigarettes and puffed for a moment in silence. Some element of restraint seemed to hover over them despite the sincere friendliness of their greeting. Reynolds spoke first.

"Dick," he said, "I'm mighty glad to see you and you know it. But tell me just one thing. You haven't come to lecture, have you?"

"Why," the other inquired with a laugh, "do you need it?"

"I might need it, but I don't want it, and least of all from you. Let's keep off that stuff, will you?"

"Maybe. But you seem to be hunting trouble. Wait till I start some."

Reynolds poured out some of the brandy that Frieda brought. Dick, watching, saw that his hand shook perceptibly. Evidently there was something more than the cold that made the stimulant welcome.

The old Bob of the bungalow days who worked methodically and spoke with quiet meaning was no more. Here was a product of the game, or rather, a victim of it. But a man who had lost \$40,000 in a day, which was, perhaps, his all, could not be expected to walk a tight rope. This Dick knew and he felt the commiseration that he longed to express. But he bided his time. Somehow he didn't feel much more at his ease than Bob did.

"Where's Mrs. Reynolds?" he asked.

"Do you expect her home?"

Again Reynolds' brows contracted, but he forced a smile.

"Mrs. Reynolds? You're rather formal, aren't you? Jane's gone to the theater with the Brands and a party. She won't be home till after midnight. That reminds me," he added. "I haven't had any dinner. How about you?"

"I had a late luncheon," Dick replied. "Don't bother about me. If you're going to have something I might take a bite. Something like one of our old time feeds, Bob."

He pushed the button again.

"Get anything to eat in the house, Frieda?"

"Certainly, sir. But we didn't hardly expect you'd be home. I'm afraid it won't be much to offer—Mr. Dick."

"Mr. Dick doesn't want much, Frieda, and I don't either. Just fix up some coffee and something cold."

He turned and poured more brandy.

"I feel a little nervous tonight, Dick," he said apologetically. "Sorry you won't join me, but I wouldn't urge for the world."

"They went into the dining room. The recent board that Frieda had predicted had developed into quite a feast. There was cold beef and turkey with a delicious salad, ripe olives, cavlar, white wine, and beside Dick's place a bottle of beer. He smiled as he pushed it aside.

"It's a shame to discourage Frieda's thoughtfulness," he said. "Beer would certainly go fine with this board."

Reynolds' ill fortune had not affected his appetite, or if it had the brandy had restored it. He ate ravenously and urged Dick to keep him company. They smoked cigarettes over their coffee and went back to the fireplace.

"Quite a cozy nook out here, Dick," said his host. "What do you think of the place?"

"Without waiting for a reply he added, "I guess you'll have to allow me one after-dinner sip."

He drank the brandy at a gulp, and called Frieda for more water.

"Did you know her, Dick?" he asked, indicating the girl as she went out.

"After a good look, yes. She seems to have felt the beneficent aid of money, Bob. If it had the same effect on us all I might be less opposed to it. Some people can stand prosperity and some can't."

"Oh, I don't know," Reynolds countered. "I can't say that I see such improvement, even in her case. I used to like her funny little braids and her crabs ways. Sometimes I feel like asking her to dress up the way she was over there, but I suppose she couldn't do it. Once we kick away the props, the scene is gone and we can't call it back, except in mind. That chain of thought's been hitting me hard lately."

He walked over and put his hands on his friend's shoulders.

"In fact, Dick," he continued, "if you want to know it, I wish to God I was back in Staten Island. Back in that stinking laboratory in Bowling Green. Back anywhere where there are men and something to do."

He turned away and paced the floor.

"Yes," he cried, in strained, piteous tones, "I must have work. Work!

Work and sleep, or I shall go insane!"

He recoiled and pointed to the decanter.

"That's hold me up, Dick! Up or down, whichever you call it. But it can't go on! I want a change, a man's life." Then, as thought of the day's disaster flashed across his mind, he turned hunted eyes to the journalist, and sank down into his chair. "But I guess the change is coming now, old man, I guess"—he swept a pointing hand about the richly furnished room—"I guess I'm through with this."

The realization that he was now an absolute failure and that in the climax of his failure he confronted the man who predicted it had wrought upon Bob until he collapsed, but he was not ready for complete surrender. As Dick rushed to him he straightened up and pushed his friend away.

"No," he said, "I don't want the lecture—not yet. I just felt a little wobbly in the presence of a real friend, but I'll stick it out. Sit down, Dick, I want to know about you. I heard you bought the bungalow. Are you still over there?"

Young Meade yielded to the pathetic entreaty and went back to his chair.

"Yes," he answered, as he resumed his seat, "still there."

His worst fears were justified. Bob had reaped the full quiver of his mistake. But in the depth of his disgrace he rebelled against acknowledgment of it. The sore was too acute and he recoiled from direct attack as a man shrinks from his surgeon's knife. Dick chose a subtler way.

"You wouldn't know the little shack, Bob," he continued. "I put a wing on it and had it painted up and stuccoed. Brought my mother up from Ohio and she thinks it's great. Guess it's been a little lousier for her, though. I went across the pond last spring and was gone most of the summer. But I had a man in keep up the garden and I bought back some of the chickens you sold to Collins. There are a row of them pecking around now and once in a while they lay an egg or two. We have quite a line of it, mother and I, and I guess we are both reconciled. The place is all paid for, too, Bob."

"Great! You must have prospered. I wish I was back there with you. Maybe you'd take a boarder now. What would you say if I asked you to?"

"What, with this mansion and all this junk? I'd think you were laughing at me."

"Laughing," he echoed. "Why, I don't know what a real laugh means."

He came around to the table.

"I'm going to take just one more drink, Dick. Then I'm going to ask you something." He drained the glass and looked down.

"What brought you around tonight? It wasn't just to be sociable, or you'd have come before. What was it?"

"Suppose the answer involved a lecture?" Dick asked. He smiled encouragingly, however, and added briskly: "First it doesn't, Bob. To tell you the truth, I have heard that you've been up against it and today, by accident, I learned what you've been up against."

"Somebody's been telling you fairy tales," Reynolds retorted with an air of assurance. "Do I look like a pauper?"

He was calm enough, but a student of facial expression would have seen premonitory symptoms of a sinister apostrophe. Dick, unawed, ignored his question.

"No, they're not fairy tales," he persisted. "They're cold, hard, immutable facts. I don't wonder at your recourse to that stuff." He pointed to the bottle.

"Never mind the sermon, Dick. What do you know, or what have you heard?"

"I know that you're broke; that today they let you flat. Shaved you and trimmed you and shaved you. You don't have to affirm, or deny it, but I know. Now you know why I'm here."

"Who told you that?"

"Your broker. Is that good enough?"

"My broker? You mean to say that floundering told—a stranger my private affairs—my confidential dealings with him?"

"I'm not a stranger, Bob, and confidential business is only confidential while you have money. When you're cleaned it's different. No, I don't mean that," he interrupted. "I don't want to rub it in on Henning. I heard part of the story from another source and then I worried it out of him. I happened to do Henning a favor once and when I told him I was a friend of yours he didn't feel so much reluctance about confining up. I know what you lost and you know, but there is something you are not so well informed about. You don't happen to know, do you, that your munificent friend Mr. Brand won about two hundred thousand dollars on the stock you lost on and that your forty thousand is comfortably repaid in the Western National bank tonight to his credit?"

Infinitesimal in the difference between love and hate; in the lapse of a second the coward becomes the fearless hero; despair is but the herald of desperation, and in the brief moment that Reynolds sat digesting the full force of the reporter's words, he changed from the crushed and hopeless puppet and sat erect, vibrant, wide-eyed—stripped of his ass' skin. He had been buying the stock of the Consolidated Wire company on the advice of Brand. He had talked to Brand over the telephone the day before and Brand had given him no warning of the collapse. Consolidated Wire had dropped 15 points and Brand had sold a fat portion to his fortune. Well, Brand would do the explaining.

Dick, having done his worst, was now all commiseration. He had not come to taunt, but to help. He went to Bob's side and put a hand on his shoulder. His voice rang with sincere solicitude.

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COUPON WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 2.

"Come on, old man," he begged, "and get out of this. Close up here tomorrow and start again. Tell Jane the truth and come over to the bungalow with mother and me. It'll work out all right. You've had your fling among your would-be patriots and you've failed. What do you say Bob? Will you do it? Will you come back with me?"

He stood with his arms outstretched in mute appeal, but Reynolds raised his hands in deprecation.

"It's too late, Dick," he answered. "If I wanted to I couldn't do it now. I've got to stay and fight it out."

"Fight it out! With what, Bob? Why, you were beaten before you started. Next thing you know they'll be taking the butter and eggs out of your icebox and you'll be hungry."

"They've done that already, Dick, but I'll fight, just the same." He jumped to his feet and grasped the writer's arm with trembling hand. "I tell you I've got to fight, Dick. You think you know the worst. You know

only half of it. I signed an overdraft for \$10,000 today and it's gone through. The bank telephoned me this afternoon and I've got to raise the money or go to jail. But I won't go to jail. Don't worry. I know the man that'll keep me out of it. He's coming here tonight and when he leaves I'll have another grubstake. I've been bought, Dick; bought—but I haven't been paid for."

CHAPTER XXI.

Brand, the Immutable.

That Brand, despite all appearances, had deliberately sold Reynolds out, was not certain. But in Dick's mind there was no doubt about it. He saw, or imagined an ulterior motive that made it a reasonable conclusion, but he dared not reveal his suspicions to Bob. Dick had never believed the millionaire persisted in his excursions to Staten Island merely for financial benefit to either Bob or himself. He accounted for Brand's first appearance

on the grounds of self-interest and the subsequent visits he attributed to interest in Mrs. Reynolds. That he could be so generous as to actually scheme to get back the stipend he had meted out to Bob did not appeal to Dick. Other, for whatever the amount was, the young writer knew it was but a stipend to Brand. He believed that the capitalist wished to crush Reynolds and raise such an insuperable barrier to his success that he would succumb and become alienated from his wife through hopeless realization of his own unworthiness. But there was Mrs. Brand to consider in this line of deduction and the millionaire had never given sufficient evidence of unloyalty to warrant it. At least, not enough to arouse such thoughts in Bob.

But young Meade, usually so far seeing, had drawn a cursory perspective and perhaps a prejudiced one. For Dick's antipathy to Brand was founded on two things. He despised him as the traducer of Bob and he hated him

for his associations with Jane; the more bitterly, too, because Brand had removed her from the sphere of his own intimacy. In short, Dick was jealous of Brand, though he did not analyze his feeling in just that way.

When the calcey came for Bob that afternoon—when the ticker, that instrument of joy, or torture, had told him of his ruin, he had found but one definite conclusion. He would ask Brand to meet the overdraft on his bank and call it quits. He had been prompted to attempt what now stood out clearly as a criminal act, through failure to secure an expected mortgage on his home and through belief that he would win on the stock. The house, fortunately, was still unincumbered, but in the face of failure he shrank from reducing Jane to absolute poverty and had determined to ask this final boon of Brand. He had telegraphed the millionaire asking him to come that evening before the theater party.

(To Be Continued.)

